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A Wish.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH.

NOT mine to fill a niche of fame
In glory's halls,
But do some quiet good each day
Where duty calls,
And live behind in grateful hearts
When twilight falls.

Education and Athletics.

VICTOR M. ARANA.

PHYSICAL training, not intellectual development, seems to be the motto of the present generation. There is, in the minds of the young men of to-day, a well-marked preference for athletic games rather than for mental labor. This tendency is assuming very alarming proportions, especially in schools and colleges. Everything is postponed and neglected whenever athletics are in sight. This is not a mere inclination by means of which it is intended to preserve the body healthy; but it is rather a craze that bars and excludes the most useful and advantageous occupations.

It is quite saddening to see that the youth of to-day do not pay the slightest attention to the great events that happen in the world. It is discouraging to see young men read newspapers with the sole object of informing themselves upon sporting matters; the great domestic and international problems are not heeded in the least. Even the most important affairs regarding this country are overlooked.

Schools and colleges are the places where the young men of to-day ought to acquire a knowledge of public life. The development of

our muscles and the accomplishment of athletic feats are not the only objects which deserve our primary thoughts and our boldest efforts. We need other sorts of achievements if we expect to become useful to our country. We are not bound to be athletes and purely material men; but we need to become, socially and mentally, the leading men of to-morrow. The twentieth century is to be the era of an intellectual humanity, not of a brutal and ignorant people. The time of barbarous wars and the supremacy of physical strength and skill is gone forever. We need men of brains; we require men who know how to think; we are eager to welcome new ideas, and not to see a nation become exclusively an exposition of vigorous and muscular men.

Nowadays the overinfluence of physical training is doing harm instead of producing much-vaunted advantages. Some branches of athletics have become novel and decent ways of gambling; others have degenerated to such a degree that they are no more considered worthy of interest; and there are a few whose only acceptable feature—and that a doubtful one—is that they are generally called varieties of a manly art.

We are, however, far from decrying the advantages produced by athletics; we declare their use proper and necessary: we are against their abuse only. A moderate and systematic corporal exercise is convenient and should be practised; but its excess is worse than its total avoidance, for it overstrains the body and annihilates the energy.

If some of the bright and laborious young men of our universities would direct their attention and energy to scientific researches or to studies in art rather than to running desperate races or to wasting their physical power in acrobatic performances, they should undoubtedly accomplish more.

They could, at an early age, be in the foremost ranks among men of learning or could become celebrated artists. The fame that might be won by them can not be compared with the ephemeral reputation of a pole-vaulter or a short-stop.

Now an important question presents itself: What is to be done and what not to be done in order that athletics may not overcome intellectual work? This depends on the educators and on the young men themselves. The latter should regard athletics entirely as secondary, and should not devote the whole of their activity to them, but simply treat them as a means by which to endeavor to maintain their physical being in perfect condition. The youth of to-day, like those of all ages, are likely to be guided to a dangerous extreme by exaggerated or false theories. They may start the race of their lives with the purest and noblest intentions, yet they may also overrate their speed and stumble in the midst of their tracks. It requires a strong and sure hand to regulate their youthful eagerness and lead their footsteps through a safe path toward the temple of success.

The Two Scouts.

HARRY W. ZOLPER.

SILENTLY and carefully two soldiers were walking through a sparsely covered grove and trying as much as possible to keep under cover of the trees and bushes. The warm July sun stood nearly overhead. They had been sent out upon a scouting expedition by the colonel in command at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. In their knapsacks were enough rations to last for three days. In their belts were the cartridges for the trusty Winchester repeating rifles which were swung across their shoulders.

The taller of the two, known as "Hank" Reckinger at the fort, had served throughout the Civil War in an Illinois regiment under Sherman. Twice he had been wounded; once, in the battle of Resaca while bravely defending the regimental colors, which were nearly captured by the rebels, and again in the battle near Atlanta.

The other scout, Corporal Tom Wilson, had not fought in the Civil War. He did not have to brave its long and weary marches, nor did he have the opportunity to go to the Andersonville prison and there try to

live on a quart of mouldy cornmeal a day. His life so far had been far different from that of his fellow-scout. His experience as a hunter and trapper of the Northwest was full of narrow escapes from death at the hands of the Indians, or from the hungry jaws of the grizzly. He was only twenty-eight years of age, but as a hunter he had seen as much service as any man might wish to see.

Two other soldiers, while out hunting a few days previous to this scouting expedition, had noticed that the Sioux Indians under their chief, Red Cloud, seemed to be unusually restless, and that from all appearances they were preparing to go on the war path. The commander had accordingly sent his two best scouts to see if any further suspicious actions on the part of the redskins could be discovered. He ordered the men to report to him within three days, and if they found that the fort should be in danger of attack before their return, they should light two fires upon one of the low peaks of the short mountain range that lay to the eastward.

The scouts had already spent a day and a half at their work, but as yet nothing had been seen of the Indians. They were now moving along cautiously for fear they might be seen by some black-eyed warrior, who might be on the same errand as theirs. They were coming near the hill from which a few days before the other two soldiers while hunting had seen the suspicious actions of the redskins. Noiselessly, with eyes and ears open, the two men crept from tree to tree, from shrub to shrub, until they had reached the top of the hill. What a strange sight here met their eyes! Scarcely three miles away, near a river, lay a large Indian village. To the left of it was a forest which extended almost up to the hill. The smoke was lazily rising skyward from every wigwam, and there seemed to be an unusual bustle about the camp.

"Whew!" whistled Hank, in surprise. "What do you think of it, Tom? Should we go back to the fort and report?"

"No," replied Tom, slowly; "I want to find out a little about them. At any rate, let's go down again to some place where we can't be seen, and eat something."

Accordingly they cautiously went down to the foot of the hill, and Tom selected a large, dense clump of bushes. This they entered, and there ate a cold dinner in silence. After they had satisfied their appetites, Tom began

to think as to which would be the best way of reaching the camp of the Indians without being discovered. He could speak the Sioux tongue fairly well, but to go to the camp in disguise was entirely out of the question. Though his hair was black and straight and his complexion tanned by the sun, he did not have the Indian wearing apparel to put on. The only way was to go at night and try to get as close to Red Cloud's camp as possible.

"Say, Hank," said Tom, in a whisper, "to-night I am going to creep up to the camp of the redskins and see what I can see."

"Then I'll go with you," replied the other.

"No, I've decided to go alone," objected Tom, earnestly; "I have thought the matter over seriously, and I think that the plan which I have decided to carry out is the best one. When I start to-night, I want you to go over to the foot of that ridge and stay there until I come back from the camp. Then we'll start back for the fort, taking the mountain route. Do you agree with me?"

"I guess I'll have to," said Hank.

"Then let's take a little snooze," said Tom, "and we'll watch two hours, turn about."

After having taken a refreshing sleep, they ate another cold meal. About nine o'clock Tom started on his dangerous journey. The men shook hands and parted. The night was very dark, but the camp fires of the redskins acted as guides to him. Hank made his way cautiously to the ridge pointed out by his companion. This ridge was the beginning of the Laramie Mountains. Hank sat down beside a large bush and began his hours of waiting.

After four hours of weary waiting, Hank's sharp ear caught the sound of footsteps. He was on the alert immediately and ready for anything; but Tom's low cry: "Hank, where are you?" quieted all fears.

"Here," he replied, "I am glad you came back alive. What else have you found out?"

"We haven't any time to lose," said Tom; "we must get back to the fort right away. Those redskins are having a dickens of a time over there. I got up pretty close to a big fire round which they were dancing, waving their clubs and tomahawks in the air, and yelling like fiends. In a little while that rascal of a Red Cloud got up to make a speech. From what he said I gathered that they are going to attack Fort Laramie to-morrow night about this time, and that he is now only waiting for more Indians of his band, who are coming down from the North and whom he expects

some time to-morrow. I did not wait for him to finish, but started back to you as fast as I could. Now let us get a move on ourselves."

They walked along through the darkness at a rapid rate. Tom was at home in these mountains, and thus knew just how and where to go. When the sun rose they did not stop to eat breakfast, but ate it as they went. About eleven o'clock Hank seemed to grow tired.

"How much farther do we have to go?" he asked Tom as they were walking along the bank of a little stream.

"About three miles. I guess we can slow up a little now since we—" But his sentence was cut short, for he heard the report of a musket, and the next instant a ball whizzed past him. At the same time the Sioux war whoop pierced his ears. He looked round, but not a redskin could be seen.

"Hurry up, Hank," he cried, "follow me. I'll just fool those rascals a trip."

He ran along the bank of the little stream for a short distance and then suddenly turned into a narrow canyon. Running a few rods farther he entered a small cave with Hank at his heels. The entrance, which was about three feet square, was immediately barricaded as well as possible with pieces of wood and branches that were found within.

The Indians had discovered Tom's footprints near their camp in the morning, and Red Cloud immediately sent six warriors to track him. They slowly but surely caught up with the two scouts. The redskins soon found the hiding-place of the two men, and accordingly began to blaze away at the entrance of the cave with their muskets.

That morning about ten o'clock the colonel at the fort had sent out a platoon of cavalry under Lieutenant Williams to meet the scouts. The cavalry men were nearly half a mile away when they heard the first shot. They immediately galloped to the scene of the engagement. The Indians quickly took to their heels when they saw the platoon galloping up the canyon. Hank and Tom soon crawled out of their natural fort.

"Hello!" shouted Tom, "you're just in time."

"Yes, and we are very much obliged to you," cried Hank.

"Well, the colonel thought it best to go out and meet you, boys," answered Williams.

That night Red Cloud led his band of warriors in the attack upon Fort Laramie, but he was so severely repulsed that he once more came to terms with the government.

The Diggers.

PATRICK MCGRATH.

ONE dark night in November Con Ryan set out for a "forth" in Dunbeg. He was accompanied by Tom Dugan, Mick Hayes and Jack Hogan—a brave quartet of fellows. Con brought with him three quarts of whisky and a bottle of holy water.

Before setting out on their hazardous attempt they drank some of the whisky in Judy McCarthy's cottage, which was described by the local poet as

A dacent kind of a cottage that was built upon the rates.

With painted dures and windows and a roof of solid slate.

Having finished the last drop of whisky Con swore a mighty oath that he would get the "gould" that night or die. They went to the "forth," and Con, Tom and Mick began to dig under a huge oak tree, while Jack kept sprinkling the holy water. They worked on very leisurely until they struck the flag.

"Be gob!" says Con, "'tis undher this."

The three diggers got a crowbar and put it under the flag, and were about to raise it, when suddenly they heard the sound of a trumpet, and up came a man on horseback with a pack of hounds.

The intruder looked terrible. He was dark, and had small, red, piercing eyes, sunk deeply in his head. He wore a long hunting coat, red pantaloons, and a pair of large hunting boots reaching to his knees. He was mounted on a large bay hunter.

Jack kept sprinkling the holy water, and the diggers paid no attention to the man with the hounds.

They were about to lift the flag, when the wind began to blow, and shook every tree around the place to the root. It seemed to be an echo of the far-famed "big wind." They became a little scared, but each one performed his duty as well as he was able. The horseman kept riding round them all the time, and they had the flag almost lifted when two black dogs appeared and spat fire at them. They became more and more terrified at this, and suddenly another man appeared on horseback with a pack of hounds.

They were so shocked at the appearance of the second horseman, that they became very much frightened and precipitately aban-

doned their work, each in a different direction.

The night was so dark that Con ran into the Nenagh river, which is about twenty feet in depth, and was drowning, but that two water bailiffs, who happened to be on duty, were passing by, and heard some splashes in the water with groaning cries of "Boh! Böh! H-h-help!—the fairies!"

They rescued him, and brought him to a neighboring house, where he recuperated. When he got well he told everyone around the place what a terrible time he had with the fairies; but a little later in the day he learned that the men whom he supposed to be fairies were only neighbors coming from a fox hunt, which was held about twenty miles from Dunbeg.

A True Story.

CLAUDE W. BANDY.

READERS of history will remember the story of Ponce de Leon and his search for the Fountain of Youth. Since that time many men have spent their lives in seeking this fountain, which meant perpetual youth to the finder; but no one had been fortunate enough to discover it, until an old man came upon it one day by accident.

Ten years ago, while on a visit to Tennessee, I learned the following story: There was an old man, a poor farmer, who lived near a little village in the mountains of Tennessee. His white hair and beard, stooped form and faltering step told of advanced years. The deep lines of his face showed many worries. He had not always been poor, but he had invested all his money in a gold mining company. The mine failed to yield ore and the company failed to yield dividends, and, like many others, he was left a poor man. He supported his wife and himself on the garden-trucks raised on the farm which he still owned. Much of his time was spent in hunting for wild game, which in those days was plentiful in the mountains.

One day after he had walked far in his usual pursuit he became weary and sat down on a huge boulder to rest his weary limbs. Mountains covered with fir-trees were all round him as far as his dim eyes could see; birds called joyously to their mates, and bees buzzed among the mountain laurel. He grew drowsy, and soon his white head nodded and

he fell asleep. The hot sun beat down upon him and when he awoke he was thirsty. A little spring bubbled up at the base of the rock on which he was seated. He stooped to drink, and as he did so he heard a tiny voice addressing him:

"You have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth: drink these waters and you shall have youth forever."

He gazed about in wonder to seek the person who had thus addressed him, but seeing no one he knelt and drank.

The instant that his lips touched the water a thrill ran through his body; he sprang to his feet and looked round him in a dazed way. He feared that he was still asleep and dreaming, but he pinched himself and found that he was quite awake. Then he yelled until the mountains rang with the echo from canyon to crag and back again from crag to canyon. He no longer felt tired, but full of vigor and strength. He started to run home as fast as he could. Up hill and down, across valleys and streams he went bounding like a young tiger. He soon reached the door of his cottage and rushed into the house like a boy just home from school. He found his poor old wife sitting in her easy-chair knitting. She raised her old gray head and gazed at the young stranger who had just entered so unceremoniously. Her old eyes rested upon him in a searching glance, and then fearfully she asked him what he wanted. In a few words he told the story of the wonderful fountain and what it had done for him. Tears filled his eyes as he gazed at his poor wife stooped with age. He was happy, and he now wished to bring back youth and beauty to his wife.

The next day he led her to the fountain. She touched the water and in an instant she was young again. She cried for joy and laughed so that the sound rang out on the clear mountain air. Hand in hand the old young couple tripped back to their cottage like the lovers they were of old. Now strong and vigorous, he was doubly glad to support his charming young wife. They were to be young for ever.

Last summer I returned to Tennessee and was told that the couple still looked as young as they were when I first saw them ten years ago. Where the Fountain of Youth bubbles forth I am as anxious to know as you, my reader, but neither prayers, nor the sight of miserable old age, nor any earthly thing, will make the happy pair divulge their glad secret.

A View from the Dome.

LUKE O'REILLY.



ONE pleasant afternoon, a short time ago, I was enabled to gratify my inclination for beautiful scenery by seizing the opportunity of taking a view from the dome of Notre Dame. I greatly appreciate such observations; for, as you will learn, I am a great lover of nature's art. It is in these studies that I am often led to fancy myself destined to be a great artist. But can that be possible? Art is a divine gift, and I can say without pondering the question that my attributes of divinity are quite limited, and that surely my idle fancies arise from an overestimation of my future accomplishments. Nevertheless, let my destiny be what it may, the time I spent in the dome on this occasion was enjoyed hugely, and what I saw is painted on my soul as a great picture, never to be dimmed by the lapse of time.

The afternoon was pleasant, the sun shone brightly, and the air bore sweet odors given out by the tender plants which were now being awakened to life by the approach of spring. My position was in the little chamber of the cupola, some ten score feet from the ground. I had a cozy den, and I could look in any direction over miles of Indiana's prairies.

Upon casting the eye to the northward my view was confronted by the beautiful St. Joseph Lake, which spreads its quiet waters only a short distance away. It is a rather small body of water, but its crystal waves on this occasion sparkling in the sunlight seemed exceedingly beautiful. Just across on the farther shore, and on a sharp elevation, stood in silent sublimity the Novitiate of the Holy Cross. The lawn sloping toward the lake was covered with a carpet of grass as green as it is in the month of June. Then the building itself is an imposing edifice, for it is of model architectural design and finish. I reflected for a moment upon the noble purpose for which this structure was built, and upon the beautiful calling of the many young men who enter its doors each year to practise the great precept of doing charity toward their neighbor. Surely, I thought, their vocation in life is an exalted one.

I looked westward and only a few paces from St. Joseph's Lake lay St. Mary's Lake. This is somewhat larger than the other, and,

to my view, presented a more beautiful appearance. I was struck with curiosity concerning these two lakes. It seems that nature designed these grounds especially as a site for one of the greatest and noblest of institutions.

Farther to the west I could see St. Mary's Academy for young ladies, the sight of which tended to bring to my mind many dreamy and inspiring reflections. I thought how pleasant it would be if I had a little sister in this gentle fold; for when my mind should grow weary and my heart heavy I would direct my steps toward the Academy for comfort and repose.

St. Mary's, however, was not the only source from which I derived inspirations that afternoon; for my eyes soon fell upon the brewery, the next great jewel of that vicinity. Although many thoughts rush into my mind, I shall, for the sake of propriety, refrain from making any comments upon the latter establishment.

Fearing lest I should be too greatly tempted by what I now saw, I turned my attention southward. There lay before me the magnificent front grounds of the University, the long and beautiful driveway leading to the little city of South Bend. Clouds of smoke were rising from the mills and factories, a fact which indicated the importance of the town as a manufacturing center. All this would have been quite pleasant to a tranquil mind, but my attention had been secretly charmed by something else. So I took one longing look, and as I emerged from my observatory, I murmured "St. Mary's and the brewery;" and upon directing my steps toward *terra firma* I began to lay plans for a successful avoidance of the prefect. Needless to say, I was entirely successful; but when I came back—

The Burglar's Detention.

EARL B. WARDER.

MR. J. OLIVER BURTON returned home from his office one summer day in a decided quandary. Some stories that he was writing for the *Westcott Magazine* were due the next day, and though he had his original finished, three copies were required by the editor. Therefore he was considerably downhearted as he made his way thoughtfully homeward. Nevertheless, after eating his supper, he quickly went upstairs to his room to complete what appeared to him a difficult and long drawn out task.

He sat down and began writing quickly; but the time passed slowly to him, and at midnight he stopped for a few minutes to rest. Half of the first duplicate had been written, and he wondered if he could finish the remaining one and one-half copies by daybreak.

He was aroused from these thoughts by hearing a low grating sound which put him on the alert in a moment. Almost certain that no one in the house was stirring, he listened for a repetition of the sound. He had not long to wait. A noise produced by the raising of a window came to his ear. Turning the light low in his room, he made his way cautiously to the head of the staircase. On peering over the balustrade he discerned a dim light in the dining-room. This convinced him that an intruder was in the house; and, making his way quietly to his room, he procured a revolver. The stairs did not creak as he went slowly down and hence no warning was given to the thief.

Cautiously he went to the dining-room door and looked in. On the table lay some pieces of silver ware. The thief was in the pantry, and from the clanking sound issuing therefrom it could be discerned that he was putting knives, forks and spoons in a bag. Mr. Burton entered the room quietly, and thought how to capture the thief easily; but his reflections were disturbed by the quick entrance of the thief, who was masked and was carrying a bag in his hand. He was taken completely by surprise as Mr. Burton loomed up before him with the ready weapon in his hand. Then seeing no way of escape he meekly gave in, and at a command removed his mask.

It was now Mr. Burton's turn to be surprised, for he recognized the thief to be an old employe of his father. The thief when asked for an explanation replied that he had associated with lawless companions and had been dragged down by them.

Mr. Burton told him of the copies to be written and offered to compromise with him, saying that if he would help finish the task he should be set free. This offer greatly relieved the thief. Accordingly Mr. Burton trusted him and they went upstairs. They were soon seated and began to write industriously. The work continued until shortly after daybreak, when the task was completed.

The dishonored clerk now arose to go, and Mr. Burton took him downstairs where he was given a meal and some money and then allowed to depart.

Lessons Taught by Nature.

JOHN A. RIGNEY.

THE gloomy books of dull authors are read and laid aside, and their influence, if they have any, is soon lost. Unlike these transitory writings of man, Nature's book is durable and its influence lasting. The illiterate as well as the educated understand nature, because her mode of teaching is simple and her lessons clear. Whether it be the wandering nomad on the Alpine slopes, or the mirthful mariner gazing intently on the beautiful scenery of the River Nile, Nature is there to greet him with her beauties and to imprint her lessons on his heart.

With the azure sky overhead, and the earth below bedecked with flowers, the theorem of Nature is well demonstrated. She opens a volume ever profitable for our study, and if we but observe, we too may exclaim with Kepler, "Oh, God! I but think Thy thoughts after Thee." In the heavens we read "sweet lessons of her forceful art," and we watch the grand constellations as they alter their positions with admirable ease and regularity of movement. Again we read in the tides a similar lesson as they come and go repeatedly in the midst of a confused and turbulent ocean. We may turn toward animal and vegetable life, and in both we find models that will serve as the basis for the order of man.

Looking round us we seem to read on every object the words of the poet, "Silence and Patience, O could the human race but learn!" How often have we not observed a sweet flower growing in some desolate spot in the forest where everything is indescribably silent and lonesome. There in silence and with patience this timid flower "wastes its sweetness," or at the hand of God it dies, and its petals fall without a murmur to the ground.

In the woods, where the "pale and purple violets creep," and where the lily slumbers under the stately arms of the chestnut, and where our ears are free from the discordant voices of man, are we taught lessons in harmony; perhaps it is after a spring shower, when everything is reanimated. Just as the tears in the eyes of the violet are beginning to disappear, may be observed the symmetrical hues of the arched rainbow as it falls across the sky, and the mingled hues so harmoniously blended leave a lasting impression on the

mind. The harmonious notes of the bird that move on the vibrant air prompt one to say with Longfellow:

Is it, O man, with such discordant voices,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices—
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

A lesson also in economy can be easily read in the various flowers. See how economically they are managed. Having a limited time in which to bloom, these plants, because they are frugal, lose no time, and the soil from which they derive their nourishment admits only of adequate space. When dying they bequeath to man the last thing they possess—their seeds. Under the shady branches of the forest trees, we discern the animals as they crouch under the heavy foliage, lest the heat of the burning sun should strike them. A lesson—helpfulness to each other—at once suggests itself. Some consoling words seem to come from every object. It may be the carol of a linnet bringing back energy to some dejected spirit; a lesson that proves an assistance to us in heeding the words of God, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Nature, through her agents, gives us a glowing lesson in industry. During any hour of a summer's day, the little ants may be seen busily engaged in storing away food for the winter. How explicitly do they depict to the sluggard the art of industry! Not only the ants, but all animal creation performing their duty, impart to us a valuable lesson in industry.

The object of Nature has ever been to inculcate some lesson. Not in legible characters does she instruct her observers; but in her silent beauties and in a language far more forcible than the obscure writings of man, she is ever inviting all to peruse her open book.

Then with eyes of earnestness let us look around, and when we have read in the surrounding objects these simple and impressive lessons, we may conclude with Shakspeare that, there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

A Prayer.

I'm weary, weary of this bootless strife,
Sick to the soul of argument and plea.
Let us but bury all the Past, and life
For evermore is joy for thee and me.—H. N.

Kismet.

FRANCIS J. SCHAEFER.

IT was in the early part of the fall of 1896, that, accompanied by two friends, Henri—and Louis—, I started on a tour of exploit and pleasure. After a long consultation we decided to visit the Alps as they were but a short distance, about two hundred kilometres, from La Sorbonne, the famous college in Paris.

We left all thoughts of medical study behind, and meditated only upon the pleasure we were to have out of the many interesting sights we were to see. We even conjectured a little on the possible result of the outing. Indeed, it was jocosely put forward by Henri that we might be called upon to witness Louis' marriage to some Alpine maiden, and Louis replied that that would remain to be seen.

We boarded the train at Paris just after supper on Saturday evening and arrived at Bâle Sunday morning about eight o'clock. Here we had to wait over two hours for connections with the Transalpine line, commonly known as the *Schwitz Uri Zug*.

We spent our time in viewing the town and attending a short service in the quaint little church situated upon the crest of a gradually sloping hill, and in visiting the inn just round the corner of this little church.

At ten o'clock we boarded a train on the *Schwitz Uri* line, which brought us to Unterwalden, situated at the foot of Mount Pilatus, one of the three cantons of Switzerland that cradled Helvetian liberty.

As this section of the Alps is known as the most picturesque of the entire range, we stopped off here, and after seeing our baggage put off in good condition, we took a cab to the hotel, where we made arrangements for our accommodations. We then sent for our baggage and prepared our outfits for the following day. After an early breakfast Monday morning, we put on our hunting suits; buckled on our cartridge belts and each one of us shouldered a gun. Off then we went to shoot anything—man excepted—that might cross our path.

We had not proceeded more than two miles up the narrow, rocky road, which leads to Mount Pilatus, before we bagged a Swiss hyena. This we dressed immediately and went

on feeling highly elated over our first victory, which occurred within such a short time after our start. Proceeding about half a mile farther we came to a neat little frame cottage, with a tile roof and a fancy gable erected at the front. Desiring to see the inmates of this pretty little mountain home, we went to the door and knocked. An old mountaineer came in response to our rapping and invited us in; we told him that we had merely come to inquire concerning the best places to hunt, and what we were likely to get.

In his plain simple way, and in the evident feebleness of his body, there was something which drew our hearts to him; and upon his inviting us to stay for breakfast and saying that he would give us a few pointers we cheerfully consented, although we had breakfasted scarcely two hours before. He seated us round the table and summoned his daughter, whom he called Lucie, to serve breakfast. While the girl was preparing the repast, we had an interesting conversation with the old gentleman, who told us all about his Alpine situation, and added that Lucie was his only daughter, and that she was now taking gentle care of him in his old and feeble state.

Just then the girl interrupted the conversation by announcing that breakfast was ready. We all began to eat, when suddenly the old man stopped and gave two or three short groans and then fell back. Louis caught him in his arms and pillowed the dying head upon his shoulder, and when Lucie came running at his involuntary call they laid the unconscious form on a sofa near by.

In a few hours he died, and after three days he was embalmed according to the Swiss manner. He was imbedded in a vault long before made ready for his reception, and the opening was securely closed and cemented. Louis chiselled the date in ancient characters upon the rock.

Not long after the burial of this good old mountaineer, Louis and Lucie were married. Their life is happy, and many were the days we spent in blissful hunting round our Louis' home.

A Broken Lyre.

I can not sing: a broken lyre
Is reason fit and strong.
Repair it! Yes; but know you, then,
My heart's the lyre, and ne'er again
Its chords resound in song. F. C. K.

A Chinaman and Others.

JOHN WORDEN.

WORKING fast from early morn until late at night, Tsi-nan-yun-nan Hankow-loong strove hard to increase his gains, so as to enable him to return to China and be once more with his kindred and to marry the prettiest girl in that country. He was a quiet and honest man; a little bit proud, as most of his countrymen are; strove to do good; prayed fervently to Joss, and, strange as it may seem, to Father Neptune. He had his name in large black letters upon the window of his laundry establishment; but it was so hard to pronounce that almost all persons, after staring with open mouths and eyes at the funny combination of words, passed by and went to the next shop with their laundry.

This bitterly cut his dignity and caused him to clank his wooden heels together and swear softly in Chinese. In all this wide world Tsi wanted three things—a fortune, a wife, and, more than all, respect for his historic name,—a name embellished, as he told his countrymen, with the blood of Tsi-nan-yun-nan Chang-bung, the greatest Chinese philosopher that ever lived.

Now Tsi's present home was situated not far from the Pacific coast in the City of San Francisco, a place of natural characters; and he was wont on Sunday afternoons to wander away from the gay life of the city to a secluded spot on the extreme of the Golden Horn.

There, seated upon a rock, he would gaze longingly seaward. Far across the blue expanse of water he would watch, Sunday after Sunday, the sun sink in ruddy splendor; and never did it go down without his sending with it a wish to Father Neptune.

One bright afternoon while seated on his favorite rock, fondling his joss and asking him questions, he was startled by a voice coming from the sea, saying: "What dost thou here so often, sad mortal?"

Tsi's eyes sought the spot whence the voice came, and there beheld, seated upon a rock, the figure of Father Neptune.

"Ah! good father," said he trembling, "I have much to trouble me. My honored name is rolled in the dust by the villainous people of this country. I grow sick at heart when

the name of my ancestors is trampled upon."

"Pray thee, tell me, my son, what is thy name?"

"Tsi-nan-yun-nan Hankow-loong."

"Phew!" groaned Father Neptune, losing his hold on the rock and throwing a back somersault into the water. He clambered back to his perch, however, shaking his scaly body and vainly endeavoring to pull some green moss out of his hair. Then he laughed; laughed long and loud.

"Why, Tsi—what's thy name—the only thing the matter with thee is thou art not married. Go thou and get a wife, and fortune is thine. Then shall respect come to thy noble name."

"But I like not the women of this land—no, no."

Father Neptune put his hand to his mouth and bellowed "Jer-u-sah."

Instantly a lovely figure came up to the surface of the sea.

"Jer-u-sah," said Father Neptune, "seest thou yon mortal? he wants but a wife. Wilt thou marry him?"

She coyly put one tiny finger in her mouth, bent her head to one side and sized up Tsi.

She was a noble mermaid, little black eyes, small mouth, with burning red lips, and such pink skin; and a great wealth of jetty hair fell over her form.

"Yes," said she, "he is most handsome. I will go to him."

But Tsi's opinion concerning the offer was not asked. And he did not want a wife that was half fish by any means; no indeed.

He grew angry and gesticulated wildly, talking at the fastest rate. So did Father Neptune, who slid again into the sea and approached the shore shaking his three-pronged fork over his head, while his weeping daughter slowly sank out of sight. Tsi jumped from his seat and ran. His shoes fell off, but he did not care. On, on, he sped, never glancing back at the horrors behind. Never before was such time made in the annals of racing. But Father Neptune caught him and dragged him back to the sea, roaring in his ear as he did so:

"Dost thou think I would let thee have my daughter? No, sir. I want thy face to stamp crabs with. See!"

And strange as it may seem, Father Neptune must have kept his word; for all along the coast of China are found crabs stamped with the imprint of a face very similar to poor Tsi's.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Reporters.

—Notre Dame joins with the community at St. Mary's in lamenting the death of Mother Mary Annunciata, C. S. C., which occurred at 2 a. m. yesterday. In her demise the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross loses a leader that had all the fine qualities that adorn a lady of noble character and high intellectual ability, and a religious of unquestioned zeal and fidelity. Mother M. Annunciata was loved at St. Mary's by the pupils of that institution and by the Sisters under her jurisdiction, because of her noble personality, her gentleness of manner, her humility, and above all for her faithful adherence to the vows that bound her to a life of self-denial and sacrifice; a life lived for others; a life dedicated to God. Thirty-five years were spent by her under the vows that she had made on entering the Order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and in all that time they were rigidly observed.

The presence of Mother Annunciata at the head of the community was an honor to the Congregation; her zeal was an inspiration to those under her charge. Her death will be mourned as the loss of one whose place in the hearts of those left behind her will not be filled. Her funeral will occur Tuesday. This morning solemn services were held in the College Church for her repose.

—Another installment of work by preparatory students in English is given in the first part of this week's SCHOLASTIC. For its publication no apology is given, and by the fair-minded reader of the preceding pages no apology will be demanded. For boys, the work is good; and on that account it is presented in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The members of the Board of Editors have reason to feel proud of receiving from a person of such well-known ability as Miss Starr, a compliment like the following:

Your Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC is beautiful; not only the cover does credit to the artistic taste of the students of Notre Dame, but the contents to their literary standard. It is a credit to Notre Dame, would be to any Catholic University, and I congratulate the young gentlemen who edit it.

With every best wish for the SCHOLASTIC and all at Notre Dame,

Yours sincerely,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

—How strange it is that in a body of social beings the word society has come to be applied to only a select few. These select few, moreover, are not considered the best or the brainiest. A man that "goes into society" nowadays is looked upon as a man of leisure who has nothing to do but prepare for pink teas, five o'clock dinners and club meetings. Perhaps we should look on this as an anomaly. The word society is not properly limited to such a class.

—Memory is more abused in speech than any other faculty of the human intellect. Men daily part with some of their best friends, and in doing so make great demonstrations over the "fond memories" that will ever remain; the "loving remembrance" phrase is quoted so often and so nonsensically that it means little more than does an advertisement of some popular cigar. In general, memory is narrow and limited; we talk of remembering a man when we remember only his name. Of all shams this is the greatest. If men are remembered by their names only while their personalities, their characteristics, the qualities that distinguished them from other men are forgotten, then is memory a hollow mockery. I would not be remembered so; if none that know me well will be gracious enough to recall my existence and speak of me as more than a being that had a distinctive name, then let that name itself remain unspoken.

Michigan Shut Out.

After the two games of ball played here last week Varsity stock was raised way above par. The game won from the Columbia giants put a somewhat higher value on our players' ability than had been given them before, but when it came to a question of meeting Michigan, it was one on which no one would care to express any definite opinion. Seven of the men that played on last year's U. of M. champion nine were coming, and of these, Snow, McGinnis, Condon and Davies have been reckoned with the best players and hardest hitters on any nine in the country. Added to this, the uncertain condition of the diamond made it a rather doubtful matter as to how our players would fare.

It was considered a big proposition to say that we would win. But the notion of shutting Michigan out and not even allowing them a single hit was beyond the expectations of all.

The greater part of the story is told by mentioning Gibson's name. The "diminutive pitcher," as some papers have styled him, proved to be a very big man in the game. His pitching was more than the U. of M. men could stand. In the six innings played, only twenty-one of the visitors' men stepped to the plate, and of these only three could lift the ball outside the diamond. The fielding of the team was very satisfactory, only one error being made, and that an excusable one. As in Thursday's game, the men batted well and made hits when they meant runs. Utley was touched so roughly in the first two innings that he was excused from further performance. Beisel, who succeeded him, was treated very cordially also, and in the last inning four pretty singles were chalked against him.

A record of only three errors in Michigan's column shows that her men were pretty strong in fielding. Snow, Mattison, Condon and McGinnis accepted every chance that came their way. The fault with them was that they could not handle the bat in proper shape and were never able to put the ball anywhere except right into the hands of one of our fielders.

The game by innings went as follows: McGinnis put a slow grounder to Gibson and was thrown out at first; Condon was retired on strikes, and Snow was put out on a fly ball to Donahoe.

For Notre Dame, Lynch drew a base on

balls, and went to second while Fleming was being put out at first. Farley drove a hot one past third base, advancing Lynch and going to second on the next ball pitched. Donahoe placed a hit in the same territory that Farley had laid out, and thus scored Lynch and Farley. Donahoe stole second and went to third while Whitney was chasing after a passed ball. McDonald went out on a grounder from Mattison to Condon. Morgan hit safely, and went to second while Snow was trying to catch Donahoe at the plate. Daly's hit brought Morgan home. O'Neill struck out leaving Daly on second. Score, 4-0.

Mattison fouled out to O'Neill. Whitney's grounder was easily fielded by Gibson, and Davies flied out to Fleming.

Gibson got first on an error and stole second. Lynch struck out. Fleming went out from Davies to Condon. Farley's hit scored Gibson and put John on second. Donahoe was thrown out from short to first. Score, 5-0.

Flesher flied to McDonald. Utley struck out. Bennett was hit with the ball and went to first. McGinnis went out on a fly to McDonald. Beisel replaced Utley in the box. McDonald, Morgan and Daly went out in succession on flies to McGinnis, Davies and Snow. Score, 5-0.

Condon was thrown out by Lynch, Snow by Gibson and Mattison by Daly, all on grounders. O'Neill was put out on a fly to McGinnis. Gibson went to first on being hit with the ball and stole second. Lynch went to first on Davies' error while Gibson was going to third. Lynch went to second on the next ball. Fleming was put out on a fly to Davies. Gibson scored on Farley's hit, but Lynch, in trying to make the plate, was put out. Score, 6-0.

Whitney was hit by a pitched ball, but was thrown out at second on Davies' grounder to Morgan. Flesher was thrown out at first while Davies went to second. Beisel was thrown out from Daly to McDonald. Donahoe got a base on balls, but was caught trying to steal second. McDonald hit safely, but was caught at second by Whitney. Morgan struck out. Score, 6-0.

Bennett went to first on balls, but was put out in a double play on McGinnis' grounder to Gibson. Condon went to first on an error. Snow flied out to Donahoe. Daly got four balls, but was put out at second on O'Neill's grounder to Flesher. Gibson hit safely, sending O'Neill to third and going to second

himself. Lynch's clean drive scored both men. Fleming's hit advanced Lynch, and Donahoe's drive over short filled the bases. Farley was retired on strikes, and McDonald went out on a fly to Snow. Score, 8-0. Game was called at the end of the sixth inning to allow Michigan time to catch their train.

SUMMARY:

NOTRE DAME	B.	R.	I B.	S.	P.	A.	E.
Lynch, 3 b	3	1	1	0	1	1	1
Fleming, 1 f	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Farley, r f	4	1	2	0	0	0	0
Donahoe, m f	4	1	2	0	2	0	0
McDonald, 1 b	4	0	1	0	11	0	0
Morgan, s s	3	1	1	0	0	2	0
Daly, 2 b	2	0	1	0	1	2	0
O'Neill, c	3	1	0	0	2	1	0
Gibson, p	2	3	1	0	0	5	0

Totals	25	8	10	0	18	11	1
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MICHIGAN	B.	R.	I B.	S.	P.	A.	E.
McGinnis, m f	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Condon, 1 b	3	0	0	0	5	1	0
Snow, 1 f	3	0	0	0	2	1	0
Mattison, 3 b	2	0	0	0	0	2	0
Whitney, c, r f	1	0	0	0	4	2	0
Davies, 2 b	2	0	0	0	4	1	2
Flesher, s s	2	0	0	0	0	3	1
Utley, Beisel, p	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bennett, c, r f	0	0	0	0	1	0	0

Totals	18	0	0	0	18	10	3
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Double plays—Snow, Mattison, Condon; Gibson, Lynch, McDonald. Struck out—by Utley, 3; by Gibson, 2. Bases on balls—by Utley, 1; by Beisel, 2; by Gibson, 2. Hit by pitched balls—Utley, 1; Gibson, 2. Umpire, Jones.

Fort Wayne, 11; Notre Dame, 9.

Before a crowd of four hundred spectators, a number of whom were staunch supporters of the Gold and Blue, Notre Dame, "the crack aggregation among fast Western college teams," met with its first defeat of the season at the hands of the Fort Wayne leaguers. Our masterly victory over Michigan last Saturday and our clever disposal of the Columbia Giants Thursday week would appear not to forebode any such result; but the fates were undoubtedly against us. We could have won hands-down if our men had played the game they are capable of playing, but there was a hoodoo, and to something of this sort more than to anything else our defeat must be attributed. Some of the men who have played the very best games against other teams were poorest against Fort Wayne. They tried hard and were in good condition, but something was against them last Wednesday.

Not until the fifth inning came and the leaguers had eleven tallies to the good did we show anything like our old-time form. After this inning until the close of the game with the aid of Gibson's superb pitching only one of the Fort Wayne aggregation reached third base in safety. In the last inning our men played championship ball, putting this team of heavy hitters out in one-two-three order.

Our team had been heard of evidently in Fort Wayne, and the "rooters apparently had no mean opinion of our ability to play the national game; for the whole baseball population was out, and at the very outset the "fans" began to yell and to guy our fellows, while the players themselves went into the game with the greatest vim at the very start.

In the first four innings of the game the Leaguers made all their runs. Three runs were credited to them in the first through lucky base running together with a combination of misplays by our fellows. In the second the same performance was repeated, and three more runs crossed the plate. The third was productive of two more for Fort Wayne and the fourth netted them three more, making a total of eleven tallies. At this point our men braced up, and from this inning until the close of the game the Leaguers did not have a chance to score.

More than once during the latter part of the game Notre Dame came near getting the two runs she stood so much in need of. In the seventh inning no one but Morgan got a lift at first on Drummy's error on his stout grounder. Daly, the next man up, hit a hot one at Hollingsworth which the latter stopped cleverly and threw to first, but Glasscock dropped the ball. O'Neill advanced both men a base on a neat sacrifice to the pitcher, leaving one man on second and one on third with only one man out. A hit to right would mean two runs. But Drummy gave a fine exhibition of pitching here, and retired the side without a run. Again in the eighth, Donahoe reached third, but Drummy was in the way again, and the game ended with a larger figure in the run column of our opponents than there was in ours. Our men were much weaker at the bat than would be expected from the showing made in their previous games, and this, together with their rugged fielding, was responsible for our defeat. Fort Wayne was playing loose ball at times, but their errors were not so costly as ours. The summary is given below.

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	I B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lynch, s s	4	1	0	2	3	1
Fleming, l f	5	3	2	4	0	0
Farley, r f	4	2	0	0	0	0
Donahoe, c f	5	0	1	0	0	0
McDonald, i b	5	0	0	11	1	1
Moran, 3 b	4	0	0	1	1	4
Daly, 2 b	4	0	1	1	5	1
O'Neill, c	4	1	0	2	4	2
Gibson, p	1	2	0	2	3	2
Totals	36	9	4	*23	17	11

FORT WAYNE	A.B.	R.	I B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Krueger, s s	4	2	1	3	5	3
Miller, r f	5	3	2	0	0	0
Letcher, c f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Belden, l f	3	2	1	0	0	0
Glasscock, i b	4	1	1	10	1	1
Baab, 3 b	3	1	0	0	3	0
Hollingsworth, 2 b	4	0	0	3	0	4
Bergen, c	3	1	0	10	2	1
Brashear, p	2	1	1	0	1	0
Wienig, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Drummy, p	1	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	33	11	6	27	13	10

* Only two men put out in second inning.

Personals.

—Among our welcome callers during the past week was Rev. Father Kelly of La Peer, Michigan.

—Mr. Zaehle, an old student of Notre Dame and a leading candidate for political honors in this locality, spent last Thursday with Reverend J. A. Burns, C. S. C.,

—Mr. James O'Neill, the famous actor who is at the head of the "Musketier" Company, honored the University by visiting here over Sunday. With him were his wife and his manager, Mr. Connor.

—Mr. William E. Fox of Milwaukee, who was a prominent member of our track team, was called home from the University last week. His departure is regretted very much, as "Ned" was one of the fastest sprinters on the team and was expected to win many points for Notre Dame this spring. It is hoped that he will be with us again next year.

—Mr. Harry A. Shephard (student '72-'74) is cashier of the State Bank of Jerseyville, Ill. He has been Mayor of that city for the past eight years, and is now mentioned as the most likely man to be the next representative elected for the Sixteenth Congressional district of Illinois. Mr. Shephard's past record in public life has been so honorable and successful that he should have small trouble in securing the election to a seat in the legislative halls of his state, and his presence there would be an assurance to the voters that their interests would be properly guarded.

Exchanges.

The *University of Chicago Weekly* makes the statement that the course for the degree of M. D. at Rush Medical College has been raised from four to seven years. Evidently while some Eastern universities think the course should be shortened a year, our Western educators are in favor of making it much higher.

After an absence of about four months, the *Student* from Indiana University made its way to our table last week. This paper is about as good in its general make-up as any college daily published.

The encomiums lately given to the *Viatorian* in many exchange columns have not been undeserved, for this paper is dealing out to its friends some very good work this year. In the latest number at hand the papers on "Alexander Pope" and "John Dryden" are admirably written, and show that some very good study has been given to the works of these two masters. Small attempts at verse are made in the *Viatorian*, and it is seldom that we find more than one piece in each number.

The greatest drawback in the *Northwestern* is the fact that during athletic seasons the paper gives all prominence to the accounts of games played by the Purple teams, and forgets to publish anything at all in the literary line. In the issue at hand if one were to cut out the editorial page, he would have nothing left but baseball notes and local items.

The *Abbey Student's* essays, particularly those on "David Harum," "Iago" and "Childe Harold" are very good papers. Along with these is published a long verse on "Thalmore's Death" that should scarcely have been assigned a place in a journal of so high standing as the *Student* has acquired. To begin with, the construction of the verse is poor, as such passages as this will show:

"The valor of Thalmore long has been sung
And told is how the Danes to meet he sprung."

The spirit of the verse is very prosaic and there are no touches of imaginative work to be found in any part of it. It is a pleasure to note that the ex-man has concluded his wrangle with the *Index*, and settled himself to do good solid work again. His criticisms are made in evident fairness and with a view to giving full credit wherever it is due.

Local Items.

—A special catalogue for St. Edward's Hall is in course of preparation at the University press room.

—The military drill was resumed in Carroll Hall last Wednesday, and with it came a new captain in the person of Phil Weiss.

—OBSERVER:—"Heavy dew on the grass this morning, Mike."

M. DALEE:—"Shure, it'll dew it good."

—The Columbian Society is making arrangements to have a banquet some time in the near future to mark the closing of their regular meetings.

—Kirby of Brownson Hall was the star performer in last Sunday's dual meet. With more training he will be a valuable man for the Varsity team.

—Now that the question of supremacy on the track has been settled, the Brownson and Corby baseball teams have arranged to meet on Cartier Field a week from to-morrow.

—The "Preps" won the championship of Carroll Hall when they defeated the Specials in an uninteresting game by the score of 11 to 5. The Specials are all right, but they aren't in the same class as the "Preps."

—The young athletes in Carroll Hall are training daily for their dual meet with South Bend High School in May; they are also working hard at various branches so as to come up to the standard necessary to put some one of them on the Varsity next year.

—The Hon. T. E. Howard has begun a series of lectures before the Law class on the subject of "Appellate Jurisdiction." As Mr. Howard served as appellate judge in this state he is eminently fitted to make his series of lectures very thorough and instructive.

—The baseball team makes its first trip for college games away from home next week. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, playing at Indiana, DePauw and Purdue. Last season the team had no trouble in coming back from this trip with a clean record, and this year they will undoubtedly do the same thing.

—A democratic club is to be formed at the University in the near future. An old student of Notre Dame, who is a candidate for one of the leading offices in the country, has been interviewing some of the leading democrats of the institution on the subject of forming a club to further his interests, and it is quite probable that a strong organization will be effected soon.

—The members of last year's Law class that are still at the University are making the attempt to initiate a very good custom for future Law classes to follow. The scheme is to secure the photograph of last year's class,

have it properly framed and hung in the Law room. As the walls of the Law room are at present devoid of any decorations whatsoever, the notion of putting up the pictures of each year's class is a very good one and should be followed out.

—Everybody should be in Washington Hall next Wednesday to cheer the debating team in their contest with the University of Indianapolis. It is the first inter-collegiate debate ever held here, and there is nothing like making it a victory. Our men have been working hard, and even though it be their first contest, they are all above stage fright, and will talk for all that is in them. All that is needed is good hearty support from the student body during the course of the discussion, and the speakers for our side will look after the rest.

—Since "Shag" sprung his new golf suit, all the students seem to follow his example. We have always known "Shag" as a leader, but this is the first time he has appeared as a leader in spring customs. Dupe has generally started the season, but since the shadow of Cæsar's Ghost crossed his path he has been backward. We all sincerely hope his old-time nerve will return, and that when next spring comes flowing in he will be on "top" and ready to show us his idea in spring dress. Last year he opened the season in white overalls, spotted with green and yellow suspenders.

—The Columbian Society held its regular meeting Thursday evening, April the 19th. The following programme being rendered: Impromptu, Gormley; declamation, Leach; debate: "Resolved, That a board of arbitration should be established to settle labor difficulties." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. McGlew and Crimmins; the negative by Messrs. Kelly and Cooney. The affirmative substantiated their position by firm forcible, arguments which the negative was unable to refute, and as a consequence won. Minute speeches were made by Messrs. Mulcrone and Harrington.

—At Notre Dame the team met the hardest proposition of the trip in Gibson. All of Michigan's crack batters failed to hit him effectively. Gibson only struck out one man, but not a single hit was made off his delivery. Only one man got past second and but three or four past first. Michigan never came within hailing distance of scoring. This was not due to errors, but to listlessness and lack of ginger due in part possibly to the trip. The batters were unable to solve Gibson, and the fielding was wofully slow except on the part of Snow, McGinnis and Condon. The Notre Dame men made four hits off Utley in the first inning, but failed to keep it up. She always seemed able, however, to make a hit when it was needed.—*U. of M. Daily.*

—In its collection of hysterical outbursts the SCHOLASTIC deems the following lines most worthy of the place of honor. The author is congratulated chiefly for his good taste in selecting an appropriate title for it:

SPASMODIC ODE.

(Written under the influence of a banana, Easter Monday.)

I sit at ease to meditate and muse,
While munching thee, sweet Kokomo "banan."
Since she has sent you, I can not refuse,
But thank our Agnes dear as best I can.
Were I to eat of this delicious fruit
Without a warmth of gratitude, the giver
Would scarcely call me heathen, Turk, or brute,
But just a "fish" with neither heart nor liver.

Yet deeper still doth musing make me see
How woman's heart, while prone to human love,
Is bound not always to the things that be,
But looks for higher, nobler things above.
And knowing now—for I have learned oft,—
That women do not easily forget,
Like this banana, pray don't think me soft,
If I should say you are m-y-m-amma's pet.

A jewel, yes, a brilliant Hoosier star,
With orb of sweetest charity that shines
More luminous and worthier of far
More praise than's held in these spasmodic lines.
I've never since last Christmas cast a thought
That you had promised me this Easter treat:
Your kindness and bananas have so wrought
My heart, disturbing e'en my latest teeth,
That for your sake mine eye-drops forth do fall:
And if, at times, I think to "invoco"
The Heavenly Agnus Dei to bless us all,
I'll think of you,
Dear Agnes, too,
At Kokomo.

N. B.—If "Dear Agnes at Kokomo" be not in need of an "invoco" after reading this, she would make a good editor-in-chief for almost any college paper in the country.

—Brownson, 65½ Corby, 22½, and they contested until finally victory perched on the banner of the Brownsonites. And in glorification thereof, the sturdy sons of Brownson, by command of their leader, gathered in vast numbers, and with ringing of bells, singing of songs, and general exultation, did march to the country of their conquered rival, where, after much hand shaking and exchange of greetings, the leader of the triumphant hosts addressed the multitude. After proclaiming the virtues of both tribes to the satisfaction of all, he invited the conquered to march with his hosts to their country and there witness the demonstrations which he had planned in celebration of the victory. And this invitation having been accepted with much good grace by their leader, the the two joined forces, and strengthened by many stragglers from neighboring tribes, marched to the scene of the festivities, where a goodly celebration having been planned, the crowd gathered about an immense bonfire and entertained one another with songs, speeches and exchanging of war cries, until far into the night.

All this occurred as a result of the Dual

Track Meet, in which Brownson overwhelmingly defeated Corby. The easy manner in which Brownson won was a huge surprise to the Corbyites. They had confidently expected to win by a safe margin, but their hopes were rudely shattered in almost all the "sure-thing" events, and they only succeeded in scoring three firsts during the afternoon. Their troubles began with the 40-yard dash, in which first and second places had been conceded to them. Riley of Brownson, winning by a yard from Noonan in 4½ seconds. In the 220 they received another setback, Kelly securing second place, and a few minutes later Malone added to their sorrow by securing second place in the 440, and running Wynne off his feet for first place.

The mile and half mile proved easy, Brownson winning first and second places in both events. Gormley made the half in 2:19, which is a remarkable performance considering the short time he has been training for it. Kidney did not have to exert himself very much to win the shot put, his team-mate Leo, getting second place. Leo further added to the score by winning the high jump, Richon securing second after a hard fight with Higgins, who did splendid work. Then Kirby added his donation with first in the pole vault, Buckler and Wynne, tying for second. In the broad jump, Richon did good work, jumping 19 feet, 6 inches, beating Clyne his closest competitor by over a foot. On the 40-yard hurdles another surprise was sprung on the Corbyites, Kirby defeating Clyne in a pretty race. The relay race was won by Corby. After the hardest kind of a fight, Noonan their last man finished only a few yards in advance of Kelly who was handicapped by over twenty yards.

Kirby, the third man in the relay for Brownson, had been contesting almost the whole afternoon and was not in fit condition to do as well as might be expected of him, although he deserves great credit for his game effort. Had he been in good condition, the Corbyites might have met with another surprise. But then they received a sufficient number during the afternoon.

SUMMARY:

40-yd. dash—Riley, first; Wynne, second. Time, 0:04½.
One mile run—Jennings, first; Butler, second. Time, 5.01.
440-yd. hurdles—Kirby, 1st; Clyne, 2d. Time, 0:05½.
440-yd. run—Wynne, first; Malone, second. Time, 0:59.
High jump—Leo, first; height, 5 feet 4 inches; Richon, second; height, 5 feet 2 inches.
Shot put—Kidney, first; distance, 35 feet; Leo, second; 33 feet.
Pole vault—Kirby, first; height, 8 feet 10 inches; Buckler and Wynne tie second; height, 8 feet 5 inches.
Half mile run—Gormley, 1st; Butler, 2d. Time, 2:17.
220 yard run—Noonan, first; Kelly, second. Time, 0:26.
Running broad jump—Richon, first; Clyne, second, distance, 19 feet 6 inches.
Relay—Noonan, Clyne, McCormick and Wynne, Corby Hall, first; Kelly, Gormley, Butler and Kirby, Brownson, second.

—The track team is commencing active training again, and with it comes renewed interest in the different members of the team. In order to satisfy inquiries concerning many little characteristics of the men we give the following short biographical sketch of their existence:

Captain Corcoran, short sprinter, born at Spion Kop, April 1, 1874. He first attracted notice as a member of the Magersfontein athletic club which held the championship of the Tugela Valley for six weeks. At one time he was a member of the Boer's Head Laager Relay team that ran for the drinks on the red sand path at Kimberley Park. The team's manager killed all the drinks, and so they disbanded. Afterwards "Cork" lost his position with the Magersfontein club because the coach caught him smoking a stove before one of their races. He came directly to Notre Dame and started in as rubber on the Minims' second team. His "swiping" ability was soon recognized, and he was transferred to the Varsity. Here he was elected captain because he said he wouldn't accept any other job.

Martin O'Shaughnessy, born in Berlin, April 2, 1874, first commenced to run when he was three years and four days old. A boy that lived in the next-door yard was the principal cause why Martie learned to sprint at such an early age. At the Kaiser Wilhelm games in '83 he won a roll of hot sausage for defeating the wonder boy runner of Austria, Jakie Dunkelburg, who was famous for his knee-action and who had run all the typewriters at the Reichstag. "Shag" emigrated to America at the time the "Heinies" were expelled from the Fatherland and landed at Notre Dame in care of Drachbar and Eddie Pulskamp, in 1899. He has been running his brother's room ever since.

William W. O'Brien, a barrister from the state of Illinois, was born in accordance with his own wishes on April 3, 1874. He learned to be a fast man by taking long walks with Hon. William Guilfoyle, with whom he was engaged as office boy. One of his first achievements was to run the firm out of business. After that he was engaged in chasing the cattle around Armour's stock yards for two years. He beat the jersey heifer shipped from Dakota, and entered in the half-mile race for short-horns only. After that he beat the company out of several hundred dollars, and has been reckoned among champions ever since. His time is not fast, but valuable.

Thomas J. Murray, the champion crap-shooter on the team, has existed since April 4, 1874. He began his career on the Bowery in New York city under direction of George Washington Whitechoker, who was considered the greatest piece of "black trash" that ever rolled the bones. He taught Murray how to count the different spots on the dice and what was the essential variance between a bunco and a confidence game. Tom knows

them both fairly well, and says the latter works best on Martin Herbert. He will have a match game with Col. Blaaze on New Year's.

Martin J. Herbert, better known as "Billy Stiff," is the Apollo of the team. He was born, according to the history of Poland, on April 5, 1874. He posed with a hoe in his hand, while Markham wrote the "Man with the Hoe." He isn't of any particular good on the track team, but he has a natural liking for athletic sports, and travels merely to gratify an inclination to be a "sport." He is a pretty handy man around the training room, and lays claim to everything he can get his hands on. He is slightly disabled at present on account of ossification of the bones. At the western intercollegiate he will occupy the last seat in the top row of bleachers, and distribute his cards to all comers.

Franklin Steele, a direct descendant of Pocahontas, was born at Big Thunder, April 6, 1874. He is a scalper out of a job, and stays with the Notre Dame track team simply to kill time. He runs once in awhile just for the sake of keeping up the reputation of his uncle, the fleet-footed "Deerfoot." Steele's greatest accomplishment is to be able to kill two birds with one stone. He did this in a match game at Ann Arbor last winter, and won a brand new medal made of leather.

J. J. Sullivan was born April 7, 1874. On account of his anxiety to get up in the world he took to pole vaulting at an early date. He finds it very nice work, and says it frequently fills his head with many inspirations for poetry. He is the author of "O'Shaughnessy was an Irishman," "McNulty's Goat," etc., and has read "Sappho" seven times. He vaulted over ambition at the triangular meet, and has jumped his job several times. It is six feet from the ground to the top of his head, and four feet from there to the middle of his back. This proves that he has a splendid physique. All good-looking girls are cordially treated by him, and he has a smile that won approbation at the Y. W. C. A. in Bertram at their last trial meet. He is still unmarried. Correspondence desired. Address: Care of Mike Daly.

The Pick brothers were born April 8, 1874, on a farm just outside the city. C. Edwin began putting the shot when he was only six months old and threw it on his grandfather's toes the first time he tried it. John B., naturally a knocker, began using the hammer a few days later, and established a record by knocking the old man senseless.

John W. Eggeman, Manager, is serving his second term. He is good at securing rake-offs and bowling. His record at high balls is unequalled. He is said to be the biggest man in running trunks that ever crossed the Pike. He was born April 10, 1874, and is not yet decided as to when he shall die.

The biography of the bicycle riders will be published next week.